

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
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# FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.



I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old pate,  
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate;  
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,  
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,  
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall, so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns and bows,  
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood against old foes,  
And 'twas here "his worship" sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,  
And quaffed his cup of good old sack to warm his good old nose,  
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter old, brought frost and cold, he open'd house to all,  
And though threescore and ten his years, he featly led the ball,  
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from his hall,  
For while he feasted all the great he ne'er forgot the small,  
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,  
And Autumn's smiling leaf proclaim'd, the old man—he must die!  
He laid him down tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,  
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears bedimm'd each eye,  
For a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

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